

The Best Kind of a Girl.

The stylish girl I love so well when she is on the street,
And if I'm walking by her side, I long some one
To meet;
Some photogenic friend of mine, as by we grandly
sweep,
That I may show him visibly the company I
keep,
But style without some other things is apt to be a
bore,
For style is only style, you know, and it is noth-
ing more.

Upon the pretty girl I love to gaze with tender
eyes,
For she has slain much stronger men and many
men more wise
Than I can ever hope to be. Yet though it means
a spell,
Just beauty by itself, you know, does not wear
very well;
For beauty without other things is apt to be a
bore—
It's beauty, only beauty, and it's really nothing
more.

The witty girl is charming, and how quick the
hours have sped!
As I have listened and admired the witty things
she said,
And I have laughed the harder and as loudly as
I could
When with the shafts of her sharp wit she pierced
some other man.
But wit without the other things is apt to be a
bore,
For wit is only wit, you know; it's really nothing
more.

The family girl who has a most extensive pedi-
gree
Would be an acquisition to my own young fam-
ily tree
And those who talk of ancestry in tones which
show they're mad
Are just the ones who cannot name the ancestors
they've had.
Yet pedigree, all by itself is apt to be a
bore,
For pedigree is pedigree; it's really nothing
more.

I'm looking for a stylish girl, a pretty girl as
well,
I'm looking for a witty girl, and one that's very
well,
And there's another quality—twill help me to
decide—
I'm looking for a wealthy girl to be my blushing
bride.
But stay—I'll skip the other things, each one of
them a bore;
Give me the girl who has the cash—I ask for
nothing more.

One Wife in a Thousand.

The bitter-
ness of his
loss
His friends
condoled with him.
"She was the
best wife in
the world," he
sobbed, and some
dared have the
heart to say him
nay.
Nevertheless
they knew she
had led him a
dog's life, had
been unparagon
in the use of her
tongue, and had
taken his salary
every week, giv-
ing him for his
care and be-

penance
what she
thought fit.

He must have
known it, too,
for men remember
these things, but he
mourned for the dear departed
just the same.

He insisted that she had been
a few and precious beyond
rubies, and a lot more to the same effect.

One suggested that he might marry again. He
waited at the window.

"Never mind," he sobbed. "Oh, where, where
shall I find such another? No place!"

He became hysterical in his grief.

"She was the only woman who really knew
how to put a needle into a cup of coffee!"

Then they suggested that he had indeed lost a
rare find, but they said no more, but withdrew on
tip-toe.

Method in her Madness.

JAGG—What makes a woman purse her lips?
WAGG—She can't put her car fare in her
mouth, I suppose.

A New Era.

"Pa, what time is it?"
"Before eight, Johnny."

For Once a Sweet Boon.

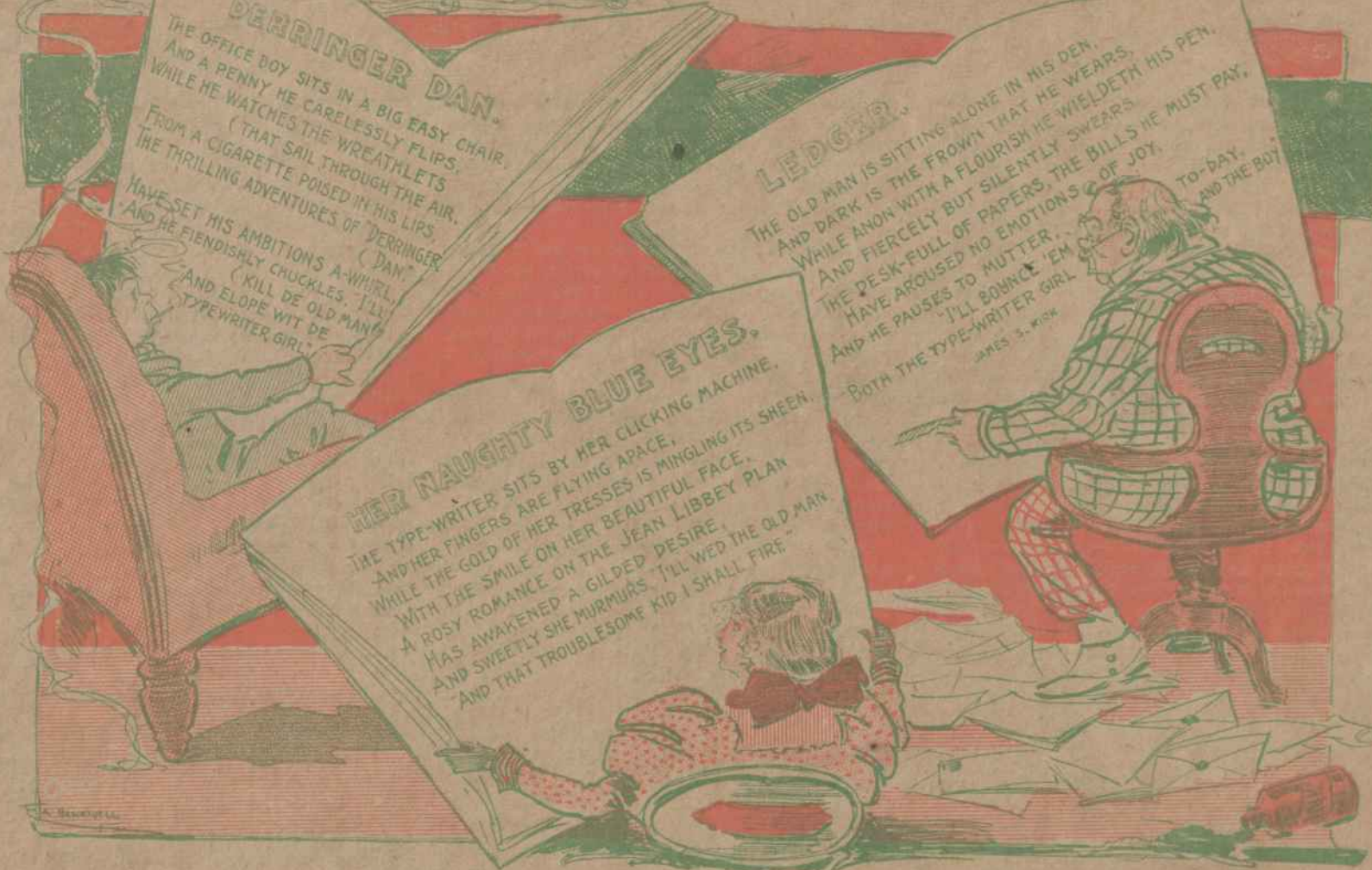
They sat down in the row ahead—
Two dashing fellows in blue;
Their hats like blackest wings outspread,
Shut out the old man's view,
Like hanging gardens filled with birds,
Obscured all before.

They dreamed thoughts too deep for words—
You think the old man swore?

Nay, not a bit of it, my friend;
The sight of him was sweet;
And from that anguish did he send
A prayer of complete.

Then, with a look and snarl like sin,
But from all eyes, you see,
"Twas not a thief, but in
An epileptic fit, was he.

Three Resolutions.



had Its Eye on Them.

Adam and Eve had just performed the first
evolutionary articulation in history.
"Hist!" she exclaimed. "We are observed?"
"Nonsense, my dear."
"No, Adam," she persisted, "I am certain the
Ichthyosaurus."

Nad Sent Many There.

The bicycle scorcher was pale with anxiety as
he stepped across the threshold of Hades.

At the end of a long hall he caught sight of
some individuals moving around in the flames
with much celerity. It was the reverse of soothing.

As he turned into the porter's lodge a gulp arose
in his throat.

On earth he
had slain his
tens of thou-
sands, and he
felt now that he
had only too good
a cause for ex-
pecting little
mercy.

"Ah," said a
masterful voice
as the door of
the room opened
suddenly and the
proprietor of the
premises made
his appearance.

"hope I didn't
keep you long!"
The old gentle-
man seemed un-
fathomable, but
for him—and the
visitor con-
fessed it to be
the redemption of

torture.

"Yes,"
went on
Meph, "you'll
have to stay
here, of course,
for obvious reasons,
but I'll make it as pleasant
for you as possible. Now,
there's a nice little room up-
stairs way off from the heat,

and you can have as many limbs as you can use
for attendants. I want to do the right thing by
you, you know."

"I don't quite understand," began the newly
arrived one, tremblingly.

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted his kindness.

"It's in the nature of a
commission, you under-
stand. You did more to
fill this place than any-
body I know. Saver?"

After all, it didn't seem
any more than what was
due.

They impressed him
MR. N. THOOZER
Hiloquizing—Blinks,
blubs, derks, challooms,
plocks, guzzles, freems,
jodooks, rapt!

MRS. THOOZER—
What on earth are you
talking about, Edward?
THOOZER—Oh, noth-
ing. I was just trying to
remember some words I
saw in a bicycle cata-
logue to-day that I had
never met with before.

The Consoling Part.

MRS. WAGG—So, the
poor fellow was blown
into fragments in an ex-
plosion? What a terrible
death!

WAGG—Not to him, my
dear. Don't you remem-
ber he was always afraid
of being buried alive?

An Unsophisticated Little Thing.

"Oh, girls," said the black eyed saucebox, "do
you see that blue eyed little thing over there?"
The other girls saw her.

"She's awfully green."
"Is she?"
"Yes. I asked her if she liked pajamas, and
what do you suppose she replied?"

The other girls gave it up.
"She said she never ate any."

All three of the girls laughed at this. It was too
funny.

"Ethel," said the black eyed saucebox, "you go
and ask her what she thinks of pajamas, and see
what she says."

Ethel went and soon came back.
"Well, what did she say?"

"I said: 'Excuse me, but do you like pajamas?'
and she answered, 'I never read sensational gov-
els.'"

The three girls tittered again.
"Now you go and ask her, Dora," suggested the
black eyed saucebox.

Dora soon returned.
"What did she say?" queried the others.

"She said she never attended farce comedies."
At this the three girls tittered more hilariously
than before. Then the black eyed saucebox
stopped tittering and asked:

"Girls, you don't suppose that unsophisticated
little thing was givng us, do you?"

"I'm afraid she was," replied Ethel.
"That's the way it looks to me now," replied
Dora.

The three girls tittered no more.

her Spheres.

MADGE—Miss Prim believes that education is
the salvation of the world, and she is doing a
great deal of good in her particular field.

MARJORIE—Yes. I have observed that when
ever she enters a crowded car she starts all the
men to reading their papers.

their Location.

INQUIRING TOURIST (in Oklahoma)—Are
there many horse thieves in this locality?

ALKALI IKE—Just a few. I believe there was
a couple of 'em hangin' around yers right before
last.

Qualified.

AUNT—I'm afraid, Ethel, you are not fit to be-
come a minister's wife.

ETHEL—Jennagad—Oh, I don't mind being
talked about a bit, auntie.

No Use for It.

SHORT—Jenkins says he'll call again to-mor-
row for his bill.

PICRUSS (his partner)—Well, give it back to
him. We never asked him for it, anyhow.

THE PLACE TO PAD.

TAILOR (to mother who is having a suit made for her boy)—Do you want the shoulders padded?

ETHEL—Yes, mamma, tell him to pad the pants.

Shutting her Out.

MADGE—Isn't that girl in the seat behind you
the one you used to call on before you were en-
gaged to me?

DE GARRY—Yes.
MADGE—Then exchange seats with me. I have
my high hat on.

Not For Him.

The gas burned low and the fire burned bright,
As he held her hand on that fatal night.
And he felt so good that he did not care
For the things of earth, for he trod an air.

And she happened to mention it looked like snow,
And he said: "Oh, dearest, let us go."

On a grand sleigh ride, if the snow should fall—
Just you and I and the moon, that's all.

And she clapped her hands and she cried: "How grand
it will be, I know! I am yours to command."

And the next day came, and the snow came, too,
And it fell four feet, as she hoped 'twould do.

Then, being a man of his word, he strode
(Though he cursed his fate) to the rich abode

Of a livery man, and he asked the price
Of a sleighing rig that would be "real nice"

For himself and girl; and the liveryman
Thought long and deep, as he only can.

And he named a sum that he said was cheap,
And the young man fell in a paled heap.

And after a while, at the close of day,
He picked himself up, and he strode away

To the one he loved, and explained just why
There would be no ride, for it came too high.

Then the maid wept long, and she cried: "I knew
just how it would be when you asked me to."

You're a mean old thing, and now no more
Can you call on me," and she slammed the door.

But the young man laughed with a joy immense
As he slid away over the back yard fence.

"I've lost my girl, it is true," he cried,
And all on account of a brief sleigh ride:

But I'll be eternally glad, said he,
"If a liveryman gets ahead of me!"

A Mystery Explained.

CRAWFORD—That's a very careful druggist.
I've been going there every day for years, and I
have never known him to give an overdose.

CRABSHAW—Indeed! What have you been
buying?

CRAWFORD—Whiskey.

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.



TEN-YEAR MIKE—Der Gov'nor of der State is goin' ter grant de petition ter let ev'ry convict
work at his reg'lar trade.

UPFORLIFE DENNY—Dat'll hit me great.
"How's dat?"
"I'm a railroad brakeman!"

But he Began at the Foot.

HICKS—This young Mr. Dagdotrich seems to
have quite a mania to shine in public.

WICKS—Yes. He got
into the habit when he
was a small boy.

A Matter of Pride.

The shade of Napoleon
was much agitated.

"By Marengo!" he ex-
claimed, "I like to see a
gold light, but I never
saw fellows mangle each
other so venomously as
those two over there. Who
are they, I wonder?"

A lately arrived spirit
overheard him.

"You wouldn't know,"
he answered, "but one of
them is a trolley car grip-
man and the other is a
bicycle scorcher. They
got to arguing as to who
had killed the largest
number of people on
earth, and this is the
result."

Jayntius Outdone.

"That woman seems to
be talking all the time."
"Yes, she is. Equations.
She has a hard trial
too."

"Indeed? What is it?"
"Her husband is dead."

A Specific.

MRS. BROWN—Johnnie wrote a letter to-day,
and he began it: "I sit down and take my pen
in hand." How can I cure him of using such com-
mon language?

BROWN—Spank him.

Spells his Fun.

CORA—That doctor says he is going to sue the
trolley company for killing his dog. He must
have thought a great deal of him, for he seems
broken-hearted over the affair.

MERRITT—Yes. You see he was fattening him
up for vivisection.

Misunderstood.

HOWSOE—Are you a judge of horseflesh?
COMSOE—No. I prefer beefsteak.

Then and Now.

A year ago fair Clocly
Would often watch and wait for me
Long after trying-time had sped—
Yea, e'en till hope had almost fled;

Yet, when I came, her eyes would glow
With love's dear light, and lovingly
She'd say to me,
"Good evening, Joe."

To-night that same fair Clocly,
I know, doth watch and wait for me;
But, though I'm but ten minutes late,
Through fear my heart doth palpitate.

For, when we meet, an angry light
Will away her eyes, and snappishly
She'll say to me,
"Nice time of night!"

I was her lover a year ago;
But only her husband now, you know.